

THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

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THE OLD GARRET.

THE OLD MUSKET.

Boys are not apt to forget a promise of a story, so Frank and Harry did not fail to call upon their mother for the history of the old musket.

It appeared to me, said the mother, that the old musket was not very willing to tell his story ; he had a sort of old republican pride, and felt himself superior to the rest of the company in character and importance on that account. When he had made himself heard in the world hitherto, it had always been by one short, but very decided and emphatic word ; he despised anything like a palaver ; so he began very abruptly and as if he had half a mind not to speak at all, because he could not speak in his own way.

"None but fools," said he, "have much to say about themselves—deeds not words is a good motto for all.

But as I would not be churlish and have agreed to tell my story as well as the rest of my companions, I will mention what few things I can recollect of my own history which may be worth relating. I have no distinct consciousness, like my friend the pitcher, or the curling-tongs, of what I was before the ingenuity of man brought me into my present form. I would only mention that all the different materials of which I am composed must have been perfect of their kind, or I could never have performed the duties required of me. My first very distinct recollection is of being stood up in the way I am standing now, with a long row of my brethren, as I supposed of the same shape and character as myself. This was in a large building somewhere in England. I, like the curling-tongs, was at last packed up in a box and brought to America, but it took a rather larger box to take me and my friends in, than it took to pack up him and his friends and all their straddle legs."

Creak went the curling-tongs at this personal attack.

"We were brought to this country," continued the old musket, "by an Englishman. Little did he think how soon we should take part against our Fatherland, or he would have kept us at home. One day the elder brother of the gentleman who owned our little friend curling-tongs came into the shop where I then was, and after looking at all the muskets selected me as one that he might trust in. As he paid for me he said to the man, 'This is an argument which we shall soon have to use in defence of our liberties.' 'I fear we shall,' said the shopman, 'and if many men are of your mind, I hope sir you will recommend my shop to them. I shall be happy to supply all true patriots with the very best

English muskets.' My new master smiled and took me home to his house in the country. The family consisted of him and his wife and three children, two sons and a daughter. The oldest son was eighteen, the second sixteen, and the daughter fourteen. The mistress of the house turned rather pale when she saw my master bring me in, and quietly set me down in a corner of the room, behind the old clock. Presently the two young men entered; the youngest shuddered a little when he saw me, but the oldest clapped his hands and exclaimed, 'That's good! we have got a musket now, and the English will find out that we know how to use it!' 'Pray to God, my son,' said his mother, 'that we may never have to use it.' The boy did not give much heed to what his mother said, but took me up and examined me all over, and after snapping my trigger two or three times pronounced me to be a real good musket, and placed me again in the corner where his father had put me at first.

The next day my master took me out to try me. I confess I was not pleased at the first charge that I was loaded with; when I felt the powder, ball, wadding and all rammed down so hard, it was as disagreeable to me as a boy's first hard lesson in grammar is to him, and seemed to me as useless, for I did not then know what I was made for, nor of what use all this stuffing could be. But when he pulled the trigger and I heard the neighboring hills echo and re-echo with the sound, I began to feel that I was made for something and to be a little vain of the noise I should make in the world. But I did not then know all I was created for; it seemed to me that it was only to make a great noise. But I soon learned better, and understood the purpose of my being more perfectly.

A few days after this, the family were all astir some time before sunrise. There was a solemn earnestness in their faces, even in the youngest of them, that was very impressive. At last my master took me up and put me in complete order, loaded me and set me down in the same place, saying as he did so, "Now all is ready." His wife sighed heavily as he said this. He looked at her and said, "My dear, would you not have us defend our children and firesides against the oppressors?" "Yes," she said, "go, but my heart must ache at the thought of what may happen. If I could only go with you!" They sat silent for a long time, holding each other's hands, and looking at their children, till just at sunrise his brother John, that sleeping child's grandfather, rushed into the house, crying, "They are in sight from the hill—come, Tom, quickly, come to the church." My master seized me in a moment, kissed his wife and children, and without speaking hastened to the place where the few men of the then very small town were assembled to resist the invaders.

Presently about eight hundred men, all armed with muskets as good as I was and of the same fashion, were seen; they had two cannon with them, and they made a fearful show to the poor colonists as the Americans were then called. Our men were about one hundred in number. The lordly English marched up within a few rods of our men, and called out, "Disperse, you rebels—throw down your arms and disperse." Our men did not however throw down their arms; my master clenched me faster than before; we did not stir at his command an inch. Immediately the British officers fired their pistols, then a few of their men fired their muskets, and at last

the whole party fired upon the little band as they were retreating, and killed eight men, and then went on to do more mischief in Concord. I felt a heavy weight fall upon me ; it was my master's dead body, and so I learned what muskets were made for. His fingers were on my trigger and as he fell he pulled it, and in that sound his spirit seemed to depart.

The British marched on to Concord, and the poor brave people of Lexington who had made the first resistance to their power, were left to mourn over their dead companions and friends. Soon the eldest son of my master discovered his father among the slain. The poor fellow ! I never shall forget his sorrow ; he groaned as if his heart would break, and then he laid himself down on the ground by the side of his father's body and wept bitterly. One must be made of harder stuff than I am to forget such a thing as this ; I do not ever like to speak of it or of the painful scene that followed. The poor widow and her fatherless children!—It seemed a dreadful work that I and such as I were made to perform.

But there were other things to be thought of then—The British soon returned from Concord where they had destroyed some barrels of flour and killed two or three men ; in the mean time the men from all the neighboring towns collected together armed with all the muskets they could find, and annoyed them severely on their return by firing on them from behind stone walls.

My master's brother took me from the corner where I had been again placed, and joined the party. He placed himself behind a fence by which they must pass, and took such good aim with me that down fell a man every time I spoke. Other muskets performed the same work ;

what they did you may judge of, when I tell you that while 273 English men fell that day, only 88 Americans were killed. I will not talk of what I myself performed, for I despise a boaster, but I did my share of duty I believe.

About two months after this, uncle John as the children called him came again to borrow me. He was going to join the few brave men who opposed the British force at Bunker or Breed's hill. "Sister," he said, "you will lend me the musket, will you not? I cannot afford to buy one, and we must teach these English what stuff we are made of."

"Let me go, mother," said the eldest boy. "I am old enough now; I am almost nineteen, let me go."

His mother said nothing; she looked at the vacant chair which was called his father's; she considered awhile, and then took me and put me into her son's hands. "God bless you, William," she said, "and bring you back safe to us; but do your duty and fear nothing."

She kissed him and he left her. I felt William's heart beat bravely as he shouldered me. He was a fine fellow. We were as one; I was proud of him and he of me. No man and musket did better than William and I on that never-to-be-forgotten day, but in the midst of our success a shot wounded William's right arm and he let me fall; his uncle led him off the field and sent him home to his mother; a countryman who had nothing but an oak stick to fight with, seized me as I lay on the ground, and here I met with the first mortification of my life—he actually used me to dig with. This was a contemptible feeling in me, and I have since learned to be

ashamed of it and to know that all labor is equally honorable if it is for a good end. They had not tools enough for making entrenchments with, and they actually used me for the purpose. In the confusion after the battle I was forgotten. I was left at the bottom of the works in the mud.

It was a hard thing for me to be parted from William, and to feel that I should never be restored to my corner in his mother's room behind the old clock, but I had a conviction that I had taken part in a great work and I enjoyed our triumph greatly.

"This, you will think, doubtless, was glory enough for one musket; but a greater still was in reserve for me. It is with muskets as with men, one opportunity improved opens the way for another, and every chance missed, is a loss past calculation; for every gain that might have grown out of it is lost too. Every one should remember that, as he fights his way through the battle of life; and when tempted to slacken his fire, think of what the old revolutionary spirit, speaking through my muzzle, taught on that day, and hold on, and hold fast and hold out. Never stop, stay, or delay, but make ready!—present!—fire!—and again and again make ready!—present!—fire—till every round of ammunition is gone."

Here the dry, rusty, unmodulated tone in which the old king's-arm had up to this time spoken, suddenly changed, and it seemed as if a succession of shots had had been let off by him: then the old musket bringing himself down to the floor with a *dunt* off the little tea-chest full of old shoes, on which he had stood leaning against the brick chimney, exactly as he used to do

grounding arms seventy years ago, quietly dropped back into the drowsy tone of narrative, and proceeded.

"Yes—never flag nor hang back. The greater the danger, the more do you press up to the mark. So we did at Trenton in the Jerseys, on that most glorious day of my life that I am now about to tell you of. I must tell you that I had the honor of fighting under General Washington, for I had been marched down to Trenton with a stout-hearted teamster named Judah Loring, from Braintree, Massachusetts, who, after our battle at Bunker Hill in that State, picked me up from the bottom of the works, where, for want of pickaxes, I had been, as I told you, serving as an entrenching tool, and made himself my better-half and commander in chief. Excuse a stately phrase; but after the battle of Bunker Hill I never could screw up my muzzle to call any man master or owner again. We found only a few thousand men and muskets there, principally from Virginia, Pennsylvania, and the Jerseys, with a few companies of New-Englanders; and a steadier, sturdier set of men than these last never breathed. They had enlisted for six months only, and their time was out; but they never spoke of quitting the field. It was now December, in the midst of snow and ice: and not a foot among them that did not come bleeding to the frozen path as it trod. But night after night they relieved each other to mount guard, though the provision-chest was well-nigh empty, and day after day they scoured the country for the chance of supplies, appearing to the enemy on half a dozen points in the course of the day; making him think the provincials, as we were scornfully called, ten times as numerous as they really were. But alas—I am old, I find, and lose the

thread of my story. It was of Washington I meant to speak.

Nobody could know General Washington that had not seen him as we did, at that dark hour of the struggle. It seemed as if that man never slept. All day he was planning, directing, contriving; and all night long he would write—write—write;—letters to Congress, begging them to give him full powers, and all would go well; for he did not want power for himself, but only power to serve them; letters to the generals at the north, warning, comforting and advising them; letters to his family and friends, bidding them look at him and do as he did; letters to influential men every where, entreating them to enlist men and money for the Holy Cause. He never rested; and with the cold grey dawning, would order out his horse and ride through and round the miserable tents, and where we often slept under the bare heavens, and every heart was of bolder and better cheer as he passed. His look never changed. It was just the same steady face, whatever went on before it; whether he saw us provincials beaten back, or watched a thousand British regulars pile their arms after the victory at Trenton. He looked as he does in the great picture in Faneuil Hall on the right as you stand before the rostrum. He stands there by his horse, just as I saw him before the passage of the Delaware, with the steady, serious, immovable look that puts difficulties out of countenance. It is the look of a man of sense and judgment, who has come to the determination to save the country, and means to transact that piece of business without fail. I never saw that quiet, iron look change but once. I will tell you about it. It was one of those days after the

battle of Trenton, when he tried to concentrate the troops that he had scattered over the country, to bring them to bear upon the British, in such a way as to show them that they could not keep their foothold. Between Trenton and Princeton he ordered the assault. The Virginians were broken at the enemy's first charge, and could not be rallied a second time against the British bayonets. Gen. Washington commanded and threatened and entreated in vain. We of New England saw the crisis, marched rapidly up, and poured in our fire at the exact moment, Judah Loring and I in the very front. They could not stand the fire. We gave it to them plenty, *I tell ye.* Judah Loring loaded and I fired over and over and over again till it seemed as if he and I were one creature. A musket, I should explain to you, feels nothing of itself, but only receives a double share of the nature that carries it. I felt *alive* that day. Judah was hot, but I was hotter; and before the cartridge box was empty, he pulled down his homespun blue and white frock sleeve over his wrist and rested me upon it when he took aim. He was a gentle-hearted fellow, though as brave as his musket, and always selected the officers. "It shortens the matter up so," says he, "to pick off the handsome coats and fire so low as to hit below their silk sashes, that it is utterly inhuman to fire at random."—"She's so hot," says he, doubling his sleeve into his palm, "that I can't hold her; but I can't stop firing now!" I met his wishes exactly, I knew by that word; for he always called every thing he liked, *she*. The sun was *she*; so was his father's old London-made watch: so was the Continental Congress. General Washington saw the whole;—the enemy, driven back before our fire, could never be brought to look us in the face again.

We held the ground :—the Virginia troops rallied :—General Washington took off his cocked hat and lifted it high, like a finished gentleman as he was. “ Hurra ! ” he shouted, “ God bless the New England troops ! God bless the Massachusetts line.”* And his steady face flamed and gave way like melting metal. Ah what a set of men were those ! I felt the firm trip-hammer beat of all their pulses through the whole fight, for we stood in platoon, shoulder to shoulder. I felt my kindred with every one of them. They had more steel in their nerves and more iron in their blood than other men. Not a man cared a straw for his life, so he saved from wrong and bondage the lives of them that should come after him.

That day’s work raised hope in every man’s heart, through the land, that had before given way to despair. Said I not well that it was the most glorious of my life ?

I have but little more to say. I have said more than I meant to, more perhaps than was wise to say of my own glory. But the thought of those brave days of old makes one too talkative. I must tell you, however, how I at last came here. Judah Loring brought me home safe ; he was a very honest fellow, and seeing the initials scratched on my butt-end of my first purchaser’s name, and ‘ Lexington ’ underneath it, he went there on purpose to find to whom I belonged. My friend William claimed me, and I was again placed behind the old clock in the little parlor. His mother looked very calm and almost happy, but not as she once did ; she sighed heavily when William brought me home. William’s wound in his arm healed after awhile, but his arm was disabled, and by great self-denial and exertion his mother had got him into college, and he was to be a schoolmaster.

* This is all fact, related by one who was present.

The sight of me was on the whole painful to this good woman, and at his request she gave me to uncle John who kept me safely, and on the whole honorably till his son placed me here. There is one disgrace I have met with which in good faith, however unwillingly, I ought to mention. Uncle John used me to kill skunks occasionally ; this there was no great harm in doing, only he should not have talked about it. I disliked it, however, exceedingly. But once, I am told, when he was at the South, some southern gentleman for some trifling offence challenged him. He was told that he as the party challenged might choose his weapons.

" Well," he said to his enemy, " if you will wait till I can send for my skunk gun which never misses, and get one like it for yourself, I am ready for you, and these shall be our weapons." The Southerner was so much amused with this, and his coolness, and perhaps knowing that he should get the worst of it, that he made an apology and they did not fight, but I have since, I do hate to say it, been called the skunk gun repeatedly. To be sure, no one that has any reverence in his nature speaks of me in this way. Uncle John had not much, but his son, the father of that little girl, treats me with due respect, and forbids them to call me the skunk gun. I was once the defender of liberty, and am ready to be so again. I was made to kill men, not skunks, those disgusting little animals. I hate to think of them.

Pardon me for keeping you listening to me so long ; I have done. I wish to hear now what that respectable looking green baize gown has to say for itself, with its red lining and big sleeves."

This, boys, for another time.

E. L. F.

THE CALL.

"COME Lizzie and Annie, come Robert and Harry, and little Sue and little Annie, come all of you into my shop and buy some candy." This call of invitation came from an old friend of the children who bore these names, one who had often sold to them sweetmeats on their way to school. The children obeyed this inviting summons and went into the shop, where they saw a most goodly show of sugar dogs and rabbits, sugar doves and sugar hearts, sugar candy, and sugar houses, and a sugar church; indeed it would be vain to tell all the beautiful things they saw that sugar had been called upon to present. Hand in hand the children looked at these pretty things with admiring eyes, and their mouths watering to taste them; but alas! much was to be thought of, and talked of, before the pleasure of tasting could be gratified. One, hesitated through the fear of the tooth-ache, another, (whose love of right came before sugar plums) would not indulge her taste because neither father nor mother would be pleased at her doing so; another, was troubled, that the cents would not hold out to buy all that was desired, and some had no money to buy with; so, after much consultation and doubting and wishing, they left the shop dissatisfied, and with only a few sticks of candy in their possession. The one who would not buy any, found it hard to keep her good resolution, when asked to share what her friend had bought, and one, in spite of the known consequences took the candy and with it the tooth-ache; so this visit to the shop proved

not so pleasant as it promised, and what pleasure there was, departed with the last piece of candy.

A few months after this visit to the confectioner's, when beautiful summer had come, the children were again walking together, when, "Come Lizzie and Annie, come Robert and Harry, and little Sue and little Annie," seemed again to call upon them; but now it was not from the confectioner that the call came; they however obeyed the summons, and followed on very gently through a little green lane, till they came to a spreading tree whose shade was far prettier than the awning from the shop window, and here they heard a little wren who showed his bright eyes, as much as to say where can you see anything prettier than these; and then he turned about and showed his pretty shape, and then he skipped from branch to branch, and when he had gained the topmost he sang them a song, and at last showed them by flying off how easily he could go from place to place without rail cars, or coaches, or ponies, or any help besides what his wings afforded. The children rested themselves under this tree on the green grass, and after they had been there awhile it seemed to them that they were called again; then they rose up, and went to a great rock that was covered with moss and columbines, (for it was from this place that the call came) and here the columbines tossed about their pretty heads, and invited them to come and take the honey which they kept in their pretty red jars, and not one of the columbines said a word about being paid for their honey, though it was the very best, so there were no anxious looks lest there should not be money enough to buy it, and from this pure honey there was no danger of getting the tooth-ache,

but the children cared more for looking at the pretty flowers than for robbing them of their sweets, so after they had plucked a few and tasted them they sat down amongst them and thought how beautifully they looked, and imagined themselves in a place where fairies could have all that heart could wish, and they fancied that the swinging about of the columbines might to the ear of a fairy seem the chiming of bells calling them to prayer. After they had been under the shadow of the great rock for some time, they heard the call again, and away they trooped till they came to a noisy little brook with its waters sparkling like diamonds, and giving out the sweetest music, and here again they staid longer than in the confectioner's shop ; they filled the hollows of their hands with its sweet waters and satisfied their thirst, they stood upon the stones over which the brook flowed and talked and laughed and frolicked to their heart's content without fear of anything ; here they took their fill of pleasure, and no money was asked of them in return for what they had received, no fear of mother's displeasure in taking all they wanted of the sweets it offered. They never asked leave to touch the flowers that grew upon its banks, but filled their hands with them to carry home. And now they hear another call, and it comes from the setting sun, he says to them, " Come little folks it is time for us all now to finish the day ; you must go home to your mother's, and I must go to shine on other brooks, and flowers, and rocks ; I must awaken other birds to sing their morning song, and you must prepare for saying your evening hymns. Do not, as you lie down to sleep, forget what a happy time you have had, and remember that it has been given to you freely, that I have lighted

up for you the woods and the valleys, I have put the diamonds into the brook, I have given the beautiful color to the flowers, and the pleasant green to the grass, and now I touch the tips of the trees and shine through the openings in the woods to smile upon all things before I leave you. And who am I and where did I come from? I am a messenger of love to do the work which is appointed me to do, and I do it, as you see, cheerfully; and you have your work to do and with me have the same 'great task master,' you can send your sunshine abroad as well as I; you can send it into your mothers' hearts, and make their eyes glisten with joy, and do even more than I can, for I shine into brooks that dry away, and give color only to flowers that fade, but your mothers' hearts are always the same, always asking for your obedience, always praying that you may be good, always loving you, always remembering that your spirits are never to die, but are to go back to Him, who placed you here." And then the sun sank lower, and lower, and the children's shadows grew taller and taller, till they reached their pleasant homes.

S. C. C.

"HAPPINESS is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep, it cannot be accumulated; nor have we to go out of ourselves, or into remote places to gather it since it has rained down from heaven, at our very doors, or rather within-side them.—*Martyria.*

I CAN'T HELP IT.

IT is astonishing to observe how much mischief is done by a few phrases which become habitual. I suppose I ought to say, the feeling becomes habitual, and occasions the use of such phrases; and the mischief lies in the feeling. But yet, I am sure that young people get habits of saying things without considering what they mean, or whether the feeling expressed truly exists.

My boy! you often declare, "I would not do so for the world;" when it is quite certain that much less than the whole great world would make you do that very thing.

My little girl! twenty times in a week I have heard you exclaim, "Well, I don't care;" when the very petulance of your manner betrayed that you did care.

Is it a good plan to use language so carelessly? Are we to answer for every idle word at the day of judgment? if so, what shall we say for such words? Supposing every time you utter these thoughtless expressions, an angel should suddenly appear with a countenance full of anxious inquiry, and demand of you, "Is that true?"—would you not in almost every case be obliged to give the trembling answer—"No—not exactly true," and yet language of this kind is used by those who would shrink from telling a lie.

I have said that unmeaning phrases do mischief; and they do it not only because they are untrue, and falsehood is always bad, but because they are apt to produce whatever wrong feeling they may express. And this applies particularly to the phrase which I have taken as a sort of text; "I can't help it." Is it not probable that some of

our young readers say this a hundred times in a year when it is absolutely not true? I will venture to declare that the mere habit of saying it, and resting satisfied with it, has seriously injured the energy and checked the improvement of innumerable children. It is used on all occasions of difficulty, when "difficult" ought in truth to be the strongest term employed. "Why do you speak so angrily to your little brother?" "I can't help it, he teases me so!" "Why are you so careless as to lose your things continually?" "Well, I don't know, I can't help it." "Why do you whisper and play at church?" "I can't help it, I can't understand the sermon." "Why do you lie in bed after you are called in the morning?" "I can't help it." And so on. What mother's heart is not pained by hearing those fatal words again and again, when she knows they are not strictly true, that God sees just how far they are false. Then, too, if she has had much opportunity of observation, she perceives distinctly the double danger. She sees the child trifle with truth, and she sees him after a while deceiving himself into the belief that he cannot do what he says he cannot. Of course he then ceases to try, and there is a complete stop to all improvement in that particular. Oh, what a cunning, terrible enemy to reformation lies in these few words, "I can't help it." Would that I might never, never hear them from the lips of any I love!

I have seen some striking instances of character in connection with this, since my attention has been particularly directed to it. Some young persons in whom I have watched with delight a regular improvement in character month after month, have been singularly free

from using this kind of language. Very rarely have I heard the phrase I dread so much, escape from their lips. Sometimes on telling these young people of a fault or bad habit, the question has been put, "Don't you think you can help it?" and the modest answer was—"Yes, I suppose I can, but it will be very difficult. I can *try*." And the result showed that in the secret soul was uttered the noble, "I can and *will*, with the help of God."

An old man past ninety, lately said to me; "I really imagine the hardest thing I have had to do from my boyhood has been to get up early. But *I have always done it*." And that man in an unpretending occupation has shown a force of character, a strength of mind which has commanded no ordinary degree of respect from a whole community, through the whole of this unusually long life. He gives a value to that simple statement from his venerable lips. We doubt if those lips were ever familiar with the feeble and unfeeling "can't help it." Have no familiar phrases, my young friend, at least till you are sure of their meaning, and of their truth each time you use them, and whether that it be good for you that it should be true. And remember that "I can't help it," is seldom true, seldom good for you. At the best it is weak; probably foolish, false, wicked. If you have regarded the habit of using it as a slight fault, shake off the error as dangerous, for it may unfit you not only for earth, but for Heaven.

L. J. H.

"It is not worth while to burden ourselves with the faults and errors of the past, if we are only steadily moving away from them."—*Studies in Religion*.

THE DANDELION.

HERE's a song for the peasant King,
 For the Dandelion bold,
 From the lowliest grass he'll spring,
 With a crown of the richest gold.
 Young children his captives are,
 And they forge his chains of green,
 Like curls in their shining hair,
 The fetters bright are seen,
 As Mermaids for ringlets wear,
 The sea-flowers leaves of green.

He's a Gipsey among the flowers,
 No heart hath a place for him,
 So we'll take him home to ours,
 And sing him a crowning hymn,
 When Poverty weeps abroad,
 For the bread she scarce can buy,
 The "flower's a smile from God,"
 To gladden her aching eye,
 And she kneels on the lowly sod,
 And shouteth a joyful cry.

Then sing to the Gipsey King,
 Who weareth a crown of gold ;
 Though a lowly a scorned thing,
 Its life hath not half been told,
 For it sits by the cottage door,
 In its nightcap of warm white down,
 And whispers the timid Poor,
 "Have faith when the tempests frown,"
 But he telleth one truth far more,
 "'Tis the lowly that wear the crown."

S. W. L.

MINNIE.

(Concluded)

CHAPTER VII.

MINNIE had taken a bad cold, and her flesh was hot and feverish, her head and limbs ached, and she felt strangely, all over ; but it could hardly be said that she suffered any pain, for there was such a blessed feeling of peace and love in her innocent little heart, that she did not care much for the bodily pain. It seems as though many unseen angels must have been around her, filling her little soul with God's love, for as she lay there, with the moonlight falling softly on her sweet face, she smiled in very joy of heart, though her body was in pain.

She thought of her friends with intense affection, and she thought of the angels in heaven, and she thought how sweet it would be either to go home to her friends, or to be in heaven with the angels, but she was so happy where she was, that she felt no longing for either.

Soon her spirit was soothed into a sweet slumber, and she thought that she was walking in a magnificent garden, in which were several kinds of trees such as she had never before seen. One of them was so shaped as to form by itself an arbor. Its trunk was straight, and the foliage grew out of the top of the trunk and hung down to the ground, arching over and spreading so far from it as to be several yards from the trunk where it reached the earth, thus giving the tree a cone-like form. The leaves were like long, green feathers ; the largest of them reach-

ed from the top of the tree to the ground, and they were laid one over another like shingles on the roof of a house or the feathers on a bird. The long, inside leaves, resembled the stiff wing and tail feathers of a bird, the shorter ones, laid over these, being more soft and light, and becoming more and more so, nearer the top of the tree, till those at the top were quite plumy, and soft as down. At a distance, Minnie thought that these trees looked like green haystacks, only they were brilliant as parrot's feathers, and she was rather surprised to find they were trees.

She pushed aside the feathery foliage of one of these trees and went in under it. Around the straight trunk, she found a nice seat was made, and she sat down upon it, and while she sat, bathed in the brilliant, emerald light which illumined the arbor, she felt all kinds of bright hopes springing up in her heart, and she had in her mind an idea of morning and spring time.

If she thought of danger, she felt no fears; if she thought of future joys, she was sure they would come, and she longed to attempt some bold or hazardous thing, she felt so sure of success. She came out and walked again in the shady alleys, and found some trees of the same kind, only they were of a golden yellow color. She went under one of these, and, as she sat there, she felt all the joyousness of an autumnal day. All the sights and sounds of gay and happy harvest time, seemed to start before her inward senses; fruit laden wagons, heaps of golden corn, sheaves of ripened grain, and the sound of the flail, and the creaking of the cider-mill. She could not think of anything sad, or if she did, it did not seem to her sad. She could not remember that she

had ever felt sorrowful, for every recollection brought joy to her breast, now. Whatever she thought of, even the most trifling thing, sent a thrill of gladness through her heart, and, like the golden-yellow light which bathed her form, a sense of joyous thankfulness for her existence, pervaded her mind and mingled in all her thoughts.

She came out of the arbor, and walking on farther found herself near another tree, like the two former, in all but its color. This one Minnie thought more beautiful than the others, for, on each one of its budding leaves, the colors were divided, as in a prism, so as to form upon the rounded end of each, a brilliant rainbow, while the other part was of a light and splendid rosy purple. Minnie went in and seated herself in the rosy-purple light, and now a heavenly peace filled her soul. The up-leaping hope of a spring morning, and the joyous flush of summer noonday were there enwrapped in the blessed calm of an autumn eve.

When all things in the mind, all its loves and all its thoughts are rightly arrayed and in their due proportions, then, from this rainbow, order, peace is born ; and when red, burning Love is married to Truth heaven-blue, and says to it, " Direct me, thy will is mine," then it is that all is rainbow order, and the mind is arrayed in rosy purple. Thus as Minnie sat in the rosy radiance, the glorious halo of sabbath holiness encircled her soul and she awoke, feeling her heart overflowing with love to God and man.

The night-wind rustled and the moonbeams played among the vine-leaves that peeped in around the doorway of her little bed-chamber, and it seemed cool and pleasant to Minnie, for she was in a burning fever. And the

little pond, too, which was not far off, she saw gleaming in the moonlight. The swans were not on it then, nor did she see the lilies, but she watched the fire-flies, sparkling around, and as she began to go to sleep again, she thought in the feverishness of her brain, that some of them came into her little chamber and flew about and thus got up a little dance for her amusement, which, she thought they whispered to her was called the orrery dance.

Several of them placed themselves close together, so as to form a large body of light, and kept stationary in the midst of the others, which flew swiftly around it in the manner of the planets round the sun. One of bluish lustre took the part of Mercury and spun round in his small circle so swiftly that it seemed as though he must indeed have wings to all six of his little feet. Another, brighter than all the rest, enacted Venus; one of moderate size, attended by a very small one, moved as the Earth, with her moon; one of ruddy light took the part of Mars, and four of smaller size took the less conspicuous part of the four asteroids, Vesta, Juno, Pallas and Ceres. The next and largest of all was Jupiter, and one which, as Minne thought, had seven spots of light on his wings, took the path of Saturn, spinning so fast on his course that the spots appeared like rings of light around him while seven smaller brethren attended him as moons. Another moved with Herschel's slow and stately pace around the whole, attended by six smaller ones.

While this pretty dance was going on, Minnie had been lying half-asleep, with her eyes partly open, but it was not long before the lids closed, and she sank again into a dreamy sleep, and was once more walking in the beau-

tiful gardens, where she saw various other trees and flowers, and also fountains and summer houses such as she had never beheld when awake. One thing, which pleased her fancy, was a tree whose trunk was so large that a spacious apartment was hollowed out in it. It seemed not done by natural decay but by means of art. It was a perfectly circular room, with a flat ceiling, which together with the walls was beautifully smoothed and polished, and on the floor was a carpet of rich colors. There were four arched windows, and two door ways, and splendid paintings hung on the polished wall. In the middle was a round table of white marble, on which was spread a feast of fruit, and intermixed with the red, yellow, and purple fruit, large vases of flowers ornamented the board. And it seemed to be evening and the sylvan hall was lighted by a golden lamp, hung over the table from the ceiling.

Presently the place seemed to be filled with people who were feasting at the board, and she with them. Then Minnie went and walked alone, through the dark paths, looking back, sometimes, to enjoy the strange and beautiful appearance of the immense tree, throwing out from the brilliant apartment in its trunk, a red glow on the foliage of the surrounding trees, while the silence of the night was agreeably interrupted by the sound of musical instruments and shouts of merriment which at times filled the bright hall.

As Minnie went on she began to ascend a hill, and as she ascended, it seemed to grow brighter, till, when she found herself on an even spot of ground at the top, it was bright sunshine. Here, in the midst of the even spot of smoothly shaven grass, stood a temple, formed as

it seemed, of blue mist, not a dusky blue, but a clear, sky blue, not like the depths of the zenith either, but light and soft as that part of the sky near the horizon. It seemed — and Minnie really thought so, in her dream — that a portion of the blue sky itself, had indeed come down and formed itself into walls, pillars, domes and spires ; yet, so distinct was its form, that the structure looked almost as solid as though built of sapphire stone. But no, it was the sky, for stars were its ornaments, circling the capitals of its columns and glittering along its entablatures.

Minnie went down to the other side of the eminence, and found herself in front of a high, square tower, which, though not in ruins, looked so wholly covered with moss or ivy, Minnie could not tell which, that it was entirely green as the grass on which it stood. But, on going near to it, she found that it was neither ivy nor moss. It was a tower made wholly of trees. No bare trunks were to be seen, the foliage clothing them thickly from the ground, upwards ; and it was so close as to be smoothly cut like the hawthorn used for hedges ; doors, windows, and battlements were as even and perfect as though the tower had been built of wood or hewn stone, and the branches were of so vine-like and pliable a nature, as to be twisted and woven in any way, so that, as Minnie found on entering, they had been bent across the inside of the tower, about midway its height, in such a way as to form a second story, and being smoothly planed down, they formed a floor like that made of boards. Some were twisted, planed and cut in such a way as to form a staircase. As Minnie walked up the stairs, she looked for bird's nests in the leafy walls of the tower, which were so thick that

the birds had to fly in and out at the windows, for the smallest could not find his way through the walls. They were so dense that scarce a sunbeam pierced between the leaves, but shone through them, making the whole look as livingly bright as an Emerald wall.

Minnie peeped into many a nest ; there was the sparrow's, with its three little, brown-speckled eggs, and the robin's with its four or five blue ones, the wren's with its white ones, and many others. The place was full of blrds, some singing as they sat or flew, and others sitting on their nests or feeding their young. Just as she was peeping into a beautiful little nest in which she found three golden eggs, something leaped upon her shoulders, and on looking round, she saw a squirrel sitting upon it, with a nut in his paws ; then there seemed to be many squirrels, running like little elves all over the floors, walls, and stairway.

CHAPTER VIII.

MINNIE awoke and found the fawn's nose lying on her shoulder. It was the dusky dawn of morning, the birds, except some of the earliest, had not begun to pipe. All was silent, dim and cool, the moon had set, and Minnie could just see the indistinct outline of the trees against the sky.

Far off, she suddenly heard the howling of wolves, but she knew not what the sound was and she felt no fear, nor need she have felt any, for it was not to be supposed that God had sent the little birds and squirrels to feed and fatten her that she might make a breakfast for the wolf, this morning.

She wished the daylight to come, that she might go and drink at the spring, for she was in a burning fever, and parched with thirst ; her head and limbs ached badly, and she felt as if she could hardly move. She lay, with her head towards the opening and watched the awaking of the day. It was pleasant to hear the birds, while the light seemed to grow and spread in the sky, join in, one after another, till the wood became quite lively with sounds, and it was pleasant to watch the sky growing more and more blue, and the trees more and more green and to see one thing after another becoming more and more distinct ; first the dark evergreens, their tops relieved against the sky, then the birches, with their silver stems, and then the little pond, and the swans, and at last even the lilies and the little flowers that grew in the grass near by.

Sick as Minnie was, God kept her peaceful and happy, and she did not weep in disappointment, when, having in vain attempted to creep out in order to go to the spring. She found herself quite unable to stand and was obliged to lie down again, while the fawn sprang out and bounded away, she knew not whither. "Ah!" thought she, "he does not know that I am ill, or he would not run away and leave me."

It was not long before the birds and squirrels began to bring Minnie's breakfast, and she lay there and watched them, feeling very grateful, as they dropped the fruit and nuts into her hat. The cool fruit served in some measure for drink, and was very refreshing ; but the nuts she felt no desire for, even if she could have cracked them. It was a great amusement to her, though, to see the squirrels running back and forth ; sometimes they would go

and peep in at the opening of the hollow tree, as if to say, "Good morning," and then bound away again. One of them ventured in and went racing about, among the moss and leaves, and sat upon her arm and ate the nut-meats which she had saved for them.

Minnie had eaten up all the fruit and still felt so thirsty that it seemed as though nothing could relieve her. "Oh!" thought she, "if the little fawn could bring me drink, I know he would do so, and so would the squirrels if they could; but there seems to be no creature that can bring me drink. I suppose it is best I should not drink or else God would find some way to send me some."

It was a good while before the fawn came back, and Minnie began to fear he too had left her, and she was very glad when, at length he came bounding along, and when he came and laid down beside her, she told him that she felt very sick and, perhaps, was going to die, and then he would have no mother and must lie in the hollow alone. Then she began to think about how it would be if she should really die then. She thought how lonely the poor fawn would be, and she thought perhaps the poor bear might suffer for want of food, if he should not soon get well enough to go about easily, but she had given him she imagined a good supply of food, and even if there were not enough, there was no danger but God would take care of him. She thought that perhaps he would soften the bear's heart and make him become a father to the fawn, and they might sleep in the little hollow together. She wished she could see all her friends before she died, that she might tell them her adventures in the wood; but still she did not feel sad because she could not see them, and she thought she could

tell them the whole when they should meet in heaven. And she wondered if the birds would cover her all over with leaves as they did the Babes in the Wood.

Minnie was well supplied with fruit, for the birds kept coming all the time, and bringing her grapes, and plums, and berries, and these were almost as refreshing as drink would have been. The squirrels finding she did not eat the nuts, did not bring any more; but they came now and then and looked in upon her. It was a sunny day, though not very warm, and the sunbeams, towards noon-day, shone through the vine-hung entrance of Minnie's pretty little bed-chamber, and peeping through she could see the pond with its lilies and swans, and could see the fawn feeding in the grass. By noon, it became rather sultry, and her fever seemed to increase, and her bodily pain seemed so great that, although her mind was filled with thoughts of all beautiful things, she felt as if it would be pleasant, if God should see fit to let her die that very night.

In the afternoon a fresh breeze sprang up and, passing the vine leaves with a cool, rustling sound, came and fanned her burning face; and as the sun sank westward, the trees threw their long shadows over her little nestling place like a cool curtain. But though the coolness around her was a relief to Minnie, still her illness was increasing, and, in the feverish excitement of her brain, it seemed to her that the scenes she brought to her imagination were realities, while all that was actually passing around her, she scarcely noticed.

She did not know when the fawn came and put his little face kindly against her own, as if he knew something ailed her, and would ask what it might be; and

then laid himself down beside her ; nor did she notice that the birds came and brought her some more fruit, nor that the sun had gone down, leaving a little, sick girl, all alone in the darkness. There she was, in her utter helplessness, lying in the great forest, while the darkness was creeping on apace, and all the pleasant sounds of day, ceasing one by one ; while the dismal voices of the night, were fast awakening. The wolves would soon begin to prowl, and the melancholy owl had already come forth from the corner in which he had hidden from the sun, all day, and flitted with soft and silent wing, from bough to bough, sending at times his sad cry through the dark.

But Minnie knew nothing of all this, and as she closed her eyes, which were never again to open, upon the brown and mouldy walls of her sylvan chamber, the recollections of the pleasant things she had seen in her dreams, became to her feverish mind, like present realities, and she fell asleep, believing herself to be sitting in the peace-shedding light of the purple-rainbow tree. She thought she was eating her supper there, and was drinking delicious drink from large nuts, which hung from the tree. Then the nuts which the squirrels had brought, seemed also to be large, some as large as cocoanuts. She broke and opened one with her fingers, the shell was so soft, and oh ! what kind of meat did she find in it ? Nothing eatable but something that she liked better. The inside of the shell was lined with a soft, wooly substance, and on it were lying a little mother squirrel, and two young ones. Out they leaped and ran away, and then Minnie opened another nut, full of curiosity to know what might be in it, and thinking there never was

such pretty amusement as to open such nuts. This one contained something prettier still, she thought. It was a beautiful gazelle, no bigger than a squirrel, but as it sprang out and bounded away, it became of the natural size.

The next nut was a very large one, and Minnie opened it with increased curiosity. There were three meats in this shell and pretty ones, too. A stag, with branching horns, and a hind with a little fawn. This pretty family also came forth, and bounded away through the wood. The next was rather smaller. This had two meats. A sheep, about the size of a small squirrel, and a lamb not so big as a mouse. These came out, and when they had become full sized, laid themselves quietly down at Minnie's feet, as if they knew that they belonged to her, being one of the shapes which love and peace, dwelling here, have put on to make themselves visible to earthly eye.

There was but one more to open, and this was rather a small one ; but larger than that from which the squirrel had come. It was a kind of oval nut, with a very soft bark, which Minnie broke gently open. It had a soft, cotton-like lining, and Minnie clapped her hands and laughed in her delight, for, on this soft bed, a little naked baby lay laughing and sucking its little thumb. It was a fat little thing, with yellow curls, blue eyes and rosy cheeks, it held up its tiny hands to Minnie, and she lifted it from its queer cradle. As she held in her lap, it became larger, and began to make pretty little noises, such as babies always make, and Minnie played with it and kissed it many times, and fed it ; and then her dream began to grow rather indistinct, and it seemed as if she,

herself, were the baby, and an angel came, and, taking her in his arms, bore her up to heaven.

She knew no more till she awoke and found herself on her own bed, at home, and her father and mother bending over her. On first awaking, her head was so confused, she scarcely knew anything; but her mother's voice soon brought her to a clearer sense of where she was and what was about her. She began to ask what had happened and how she became ill, but her mother hushed her and told her she should know all about it when she should be better.

But she soon recollect ed how she had been living in the wood, and wondered how she had got home, and she asked for the little fawn. Her mother told her that the little fawn had been brought home too, and that she should see him when she was well enough.

Under the kind care of her parents, Minnie soon recovered, and learned that her father, after having sought long for her, in vain, had at length discovered her lying in the hollow tree. He had espied the hat, which had been left beside it, and looking into the hollow, he beheld his little Minnie, sleeping with her pretty pet, and he took her in his arms and bore her home, while she was dreaming she was a baby whom the angel was carrying to heaven.

A. A. G.

ERRATA.—In June No., page 142, line 23, for “grandeur” read gardens. Pag 143, line 18, for “round” read broad.

MARCUS NIEBUHR.

[Continued from the May No.]

(To his Sister-in-law.)

ROME, AUGUST 9, 1820.

—“I hasten to tell you that a healthy little girl was born to us this morning. God grant to mother and child his blessing, and protect them from scenes of terror and revolution.* Marcus is quite happy with a little sister; though when he saw his mother lying feeble on the sofa, he burst into tears. Amelia treats the little one in the prettiest manner.

AUGUST 16. “The little Lucia, for so we call the child, seems to thrive on her mother’s milk. You may imagine how much lies on me during Gretchen’s confinement, in the midst too of the most important and urgent business, and all this, on the brink of a volcano. Little Amelia now attaches herself more to me. Hitherto, the understanding has seemed to predominate with her; I hope that her heart will open itself more. The little thing is so pleasant that one cannot be willing to trouble her. The character and deportment of Marcus are continually manifested more decidedly—the greatest tenderness and heartiness, a strong memory and sharp observation; also, as appears, an ability for precise combination, a high sense of honor, and a feeling of shame at every impropriety. He never complains of his little sister,

* Alluding to the disturbances then prevailing in Naples.

though she often gives him a hard blow ; but of his own accord he apologizes for her with, ‘ She is so little. Her teeth trouble her,’ &c. When I name and describe a thing to him, he asks, ‘ But is it good ?’—and if I answer, ‘ No,’—‘ Then I will strike it dead,’ he says.”

OCTOBER 4. “I have now scarcely any plans for myself, but leave all to fate. On account of Marcus, I might prefer remaining here a year longer, that his impressions might take a deeper hold and remain with him for life ; and also that he might have a more comprehensive knowledge of the language, which would be important for his Latin. He lately displayed the first decided trait of imagination. I was telling him the fable of the horse and the heavily laden ass, which the horse would not relieve of any part of its burden. When I came to where the ass sank under it and fell, he was quite troubled, ‘ No, no, papa,’ he cried, ‘ he did not fall ; it was a sack of corn which he carried, and there came a bird flying by, and he ate of the corn and scattered so much around that the ass was able to carry it.’ ”

NOVEMBER 26. “I heartily thank you for your friendly words concerning Marcus. Were you to see him he would win your love, and in time to come I hope that he will deserve it. His main fault is impetuosity, but he often subdues himself. In his disposition, he resembles my father more than me. Amelia also is now quite good and tractable, and when so, very lovely. Lucia thrives, so that God’s blessing rests on the children.”

DECEMBER 30. “The close of the year leads of itself to serious reflections on the coming and past time. I

cannot be altogether dissatisfied with the year that is gone ; I have not spared myself ; in my acquirements and even in my capacity, I have gained somewhat, and I have fulfilled my duties towards the children. Marcus has greatly developed during this year ; only I am apprehensive, and can as yet devise no means for bringing him to industry, to which as yet he is not in the least inclined, a fact not indeed to be wondered at, but which it will be very difficult to counteract. He is always ready enough to understand and look at every thing, but I am quite fearful that such fulness of life and delight in what is before him, though in themselves a great blessing, may seriously diminish the attraction to industry.

ROME, MARCH 17, 1821.

The children are well and good. Marcus for a time showed a tendency to be delicate. Perhaps I busied his brain too much. I have remitted since. The difficulties of reading are overcome, and though the taste for books should awake later in him than it did in me, I shall deem it no misfortune.

APRIL 28. Marcus is quite strong again. He gains much morally ; his impetuosity rarely appears, and he soon recollects himself. He is a child full of love, rejoicing over every thing, and full of benevolence (free from a sickly sensibility) for all nature. He would not harm an insect, and he takes pleasure in it as long as it will allow itself to be looked at ; then, to say, 'It is a good little creature, do not hurt it,' diverts him from any attempt to catch it. Amelia grows, and is not sickly ; but she is tender and delicate to a degree that makes

me uneasy. She is very lovely and has a bewitching pleasantry, but often interrupted by little mischievous tricks. Lucia is bright and lively and very fond of me.

JUNE 22. "During the sickness of his little sister—(alluding to a severe illness of the infant) Marcus showed himself most amiable, taking pains to play with her and call forth her smiles, as her eyes always delight to rest on him. Touched at our sadness, he exerted himself to be good during the whole time. He is an excellent child; he has only two faults, the one very dangerous and the other probably transient—terrible impetuosity and indifference to learning. The first he controlled through all our season of anxiety. His capacity for learning is great, and whenever he acquires industry he will be able to advance rapidly. He learned to read German in three or four hours, both written and printed. He draws with great facility. Amelia is entirely different from him, more imaginative perhaps, less attentive to realities and not so yielding as the boy."

JULY 21. "Since my last letter we have had very sad days. On Sunday Marcus was extremely ill and we feared every thing. The malady is not yet removed, but he is gaining. I endured unspeakable distress, and felt more than ever attached to the boy. When he was at the worst, he said, 'I am very ill, but my Lucia is well again, and I can be glad of that!'"

AUGUST 11. "The children are my delight, and when I have seen them in danger, my anxiety continues a long while after it has past. Marcus is not yet free from his

disease, and the slightest trifle aggravates it ; still, he is evidently gaining. Our Amelia was threatened with dysentery at the same time, but the danger is now over. Amelia is becoming much more attached to us, and will be a very dear child ; her obstinacy is constantly diminishing and she is learning to mind without ill humor. We do not yet tease her with learning. Marcus might learn any thing, if he had not such a preference for every kind of motion to sitting still. We now speak a great deal of German with him and he understands the whole. Lucia runs about and is bright. She clings to her brother.

SEPT. 21. "I have now begun to teach Marcus Latin by speaking it, and it succeeds. We lately ascended to the dome of St. Peter's church with the two eldest children. Marcus went with me under the ball."

DEC. 15. "The children are well, only my little Amelia not so fresh as some time since. This dear child is my constant care. She now learns to read very fast, since applying to it in earnest. Marcus makes good progress in Latin, and constantly advances of himself in his drawing, without a teacher. Were we to allow him to be instructed, he might soon excel, but we are averse to calling forth artistic faculties. Let him be anything rather than an artist ! They come here in shoals from Germany, raw cubs who have learned nothing and have no money, but expect to live on their letters of recommendation ! What clowns they are for the most part, and how ignorant of themselves ! Give them any thing to copy, they decline it, because they prefer painting their own compositions. Their own compositions !

people who often have not a gloaming of the beauty before their eyes."

DEC. 29, 1821. "The year is ending for the sixth time with us here in Rome. Time in the mean while is exercising its power, and without ceasing to be and to feel ourselves, strangers here, we are also becoming strangers in our own home. So life passes, and there is a feeling that it passes poorly, though I would by no means concede to the religionists that life in itself is a poor thing. On the contrary, I know that it becomes poor only through our own follies, faults and weaknesses; and that a life which is harmonious with itself, is no visionary happiness. I have given Marcus leave to write to you at New-year. The boy improves daily; he does not learn quickly, but what he does learn takes deep, firm hold, and he is also evidently showing that there is no deficiency of imagination with him."

—
ROME, JAN. 19, 1822.

"Marcus's glorious nature is daily manifesting itself, but I am also fully sensible that it offers no security, unless it be guided with the closest watchfulness. I trust that he will be no conceited shallow fool, nor a man satisfied with superficial views and assuming a showy outside the better to throw dust into the eyes of people. I should be inconsolable were I ever to see him parading around as a swaggering student, a hollow-pated witling, an empty prater or a conceited oaf, claiming distinction not by virtue of real ability, but by airs of insolence or an affected glitter—as is the fashion of so many young people of our time. They are either puffed up in their

ignorance and would reform and oversee all things, looking down upon persons who could put them into their pockets a hundred times ; or if they do not belong to this class, they still know nothing, learn nothing, can take hold of nothing with earnestness and ability, while they assume the semblance of refined culture—externally, I mean—and suppose that when able to shine, in their own opinion, in the empty circles of the great world, their acquirements are sufficient and they are fully entitled to come forward in public. I succeed in the tuition of Marcus as well as I dare hope. He knows already a considerable number of Latin words, and he understands the grammar so far that I can already set before him specimens of the ‘examples,’ without their troubling him as dead forms ; many of the rules he divines by instinct. I am reading with him select chapters from Hygins’ Mythology. For his German, I write off passages out of the Greek mythology. I am now on the story of Hercules. I write the whole in a very free pictorial style, that it may have the effect of poetry. He reads it with ecstasy, so that his merry shouts often disturb the lesson. The child depends on me entirely, but this kind of education costs me a great deal of time. Still, I enjoy it, and shall consider my efforts as rewarded if he can be developed with the utmost fulness and perfection. Out-of-the-way thoughts are often expressed by him. Two days ago he was sitting by me, and commenced with, ‘ Father, the ancients supposed, that is, they believed in, the old Gods, but they must have thought of, or believed in, the true God too, for the old gods were just like men.’

In reference to his method of educating his son, Niebuhr’s biographer says,

"Residing in Rome, Niebuhr required his little son always to give him an account of what he had seen and of his observations thereupon, in order to be certain that he laid up in his mind realities, and not mere words without meaning, which he might be tempted to parade. He thought much upon the most suitable mode of educating the boy. It was of all things most important to him to preserve his heart pure and affectionate; next, he endeavored to awaken his imagination and exercise his memory and power of recollection. In a letter he says, 'In our walks I invent travels and relate them to him, in order to his learning geography like the ancients and orientals, by vivid contemplation; and I render it attractive to him by intermingling their history with the description of places and countries. When he has acquired the main points, I constantly enlarge the detail of the intervening ones. This morning I described to him a fictitious voyage by sea from Constantinople to Athens, in which the shores and islands rose before my own eyes out of memory; and so, in a southern moonlight night, I carried him with a fresh breeze past Scyros. I reminded him that Perseus there metamorphosed his enemies into stone with the Gorgon's head. At present the heroic is undistinguished with him, from the historical age of Greece. In jest, I said to him, that these metamorphosed persons might perhaps still exist, as statues. 'I should like to know them,' said he, 'for sculptors do not make statues like real men, standing right up this minute and drawing their swords.''" — "In the year 1821 he wrote, 'Should God spare the boy, he shall learn to contemplate virtue and vice visibly, in the individuals of history and the present time; and the principles of discrimina-

tion shall grow up in his soul, as they did universally in those times when just principles had the ascendancy."

A third sister was born to Marcus, Feb. 20, 1822, and his father says, "Marcus is unhappy because it was not a brother. Amelia triumphs over him in having a little sister all to herself."

MAY 4, 1822. "We are so unlucky as to have the hooping cough among the children, who are all attacked with it, from Marcus to the babe. A boy, the drawing master of Marcus, probably brought it into the house. Marcus has it the lightest; I have been quite ill with it. It was accompanied with a slow fever; I expected to sink under it, and thought mournfully of my poor boy's loss. I am now confident of escaping this time. I feel however that my strength is greatly exhausted. I shall not live to be old. I would gladly survive until the education of Marcus could be in some degree completed. I am now reading with him a poor Latin translation of the Odyssey, with which he is enraptured. That of Voss, I have not here."

JUNE 22, 1822. "Yesterday I returned from Tivoli, quite weary. Not having been out of the walls of Rome a single day for a year, I felt the need of drinking the free air. Marcus, Bunsen, and Lieber accompanied me. We were gone three days. I conducted Marcus every where, as far as the heat permitted. The water-fall astonished him, but he was not disposed to find beauty in it. He was not so noisy as usual in his pleasure on the journey, because he missed his mother and sisters. This was expressed only when in speaking of

them he said how dearly he loved them, and inquired when we should go back to them. It would have touched you, to have heard the dear child pray at evening out of his full heart; concluding his day in love and meditation, after passing it in love and joy. Amelia has begun to write and sew. She reads for the most part without spelling.

To Count Moltke, an early friend.

ROME, FEB. 8, 1823.

My Marcus is a boy of the fairest promise; his education in antiquity is completely successful. The old world is to him the true and real one, the new only something that is accidental. This, to be sure, will render a bitter stripping necessary for him hereafter. Ancient history and mythology are as familiar to him as they were to a Roman boy eighteen hundred years ago; and in a verbal Latin translation of the *Odyssey*, to us sufficiently contemptible, he takes a burning interest, shedding tears over the heroes of the Trojan time. He confidently promises himself that he shall ascend Parnassus and see Jupiter and the old gods there, concerning whom I have related to him the modern Greek tradition, that they have taken refuge on the top of the mountain.

To his Sister in Law.

NAPLES, APRIL 8, 1823.

We have been here eight days, and as it always happens that when time passes pleasantly it seems to move more swiftly, I therefore grieve to think that the quarter part of what we have to spend here is already flown. I have not lived so agreeably for years. One feels light

in the light air. We arrived on Marcus' birthday. To him the whole journey had been a festival, and we experienced a deep delight in witnessing the openness of his heart and his faculty of taking in these new objects. Compared with the preceding year we could see how much he had gained and developed. To him it is an inestimable advantage that we have remained here so long, for in his way he enjoys everything, both antiquity and nature, as well as a grown person, besides all the happiness of childhood. No! I do not believe that any one ever experienced a happier childhood. On the evening before his birth-day we stopped at a little place, St. Agatha; at noon, we had made a halt at Mola, in order to regale our eyes with the Bay and the prospect from Gaeta; the boy was intoxicated with delight, and this befuddled ecstacy kept him wide awake to the last second, although his body was very weary. In bed he clung to his mother's neck, and said to her in German, "Mother dear, I am so happy that God has given me such good parents and such good sisters!" My heart was completely softened, and I could not help asking his forgiveness for once having been unjust towards him, in sternly reproving him on account of misbehaviour which Lucia and not he, had been guilty of, but for which we had supposed him to be blameable, and that he had tried to clear himself by a falsehood. "That you never were, my father," he said with the deepest affection.

The day before yesterday he was quite beside himself with joy, when he visited Pompeii with us. As it has been my wish that he should continue to wear a sort of tunic, he is often mistaken, notwithstanding his full growth, for a girl. We carried him and Amelia to the

harbor, and I went aboard an Austrian frigate with him, the crew of which consisted of Venetians and Dalmatians. One of the sailors asked me the perpetual question—"A boy, sir, or a girl?" Upon my answer, he cried out, "Could he have been born of woman!" This beauty, as De Serre* remarks, consists in a celestial expression of goodness united to his vigour, and this goodness is favored in him by the sense of perfect happiness.

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ROME, MAY 8, 1823.

This is the last letter that I shall write to you from Rome, and with a heart completely penetrated. We are living as travellers, in a strange house, and in a wholly different quarter of the city. Yesterday I visited our old habitation with Marcus; the owner is now altering it and surrounding it with buildings. It was like going to a grave. In the saddest times of my residence here, that habitation had charms for me. It stood at a side entrance on the boundary of the remnant of the semi-circle of the once splendid theatre. You stood in front of ruins, upon which a mansion was erected; ascending a small steep flight of steps, you came into a dark lofty anti-chamber upon the right of which was a hall. From thence the different apartments of the house were entered, including a garden upon the same level, so that the whole habitation, with the garden, lay on the arches and ruins of the second colossal story of the theatre. Here

*The Count de Serre will be again mentioned. He was the French ambassador at the court of Naples, and between him and Niebuhr the closest brotherly friendship was connected.

nothing was seen of all Rome save the summit of a cupola, and not a sound was heard but the trickling of the fountain in the garden. The owner is changing all this ; the whole court was filled with dray-animals bringing building materials. Our parlour swarmed with workmen, busy on one side in walling up the windows, and on the other the wall was broken to change the windows into glass doors leading into the garden. The marble steps under the windows on which all the children had played, were already broken away. The fruit pieces done in crayons, which had delighted the children more times than could be numbered, had been swept away ; where the children had shouted and whimpered, not a sound was now heard save that of the pick-axe of the labourers. The garden, the central point of the whole residence, constantly resorted to and paced over and over unless the weather were quite too bad, was now wholly forsaken and as still as death. Most of the apartments were shut up, and we could only with difficulty peep into a couple of them through the windows or key-holes. The heart is made heavy by seeing again what it has lost, but it is lacerated by witnessing destruction and death-like stillness. Marcus has a very tender and still more, a very deep heart. He was overpowered like myself. The destruction had even extended to the pictures on the ceiling, where the history of Paradise and of the early ages of the world that succeeded, had so often busied the children ; to which, though as specimens of art they were of no high value, the eye was always attracted by the beautiful effect of the colours.

We went round in silence, and I said to him, that after once more visiting the Aventine, we would come

back, to pluck once again some flowers from our dear garden. We walked on very still and serious ; the boy, who is always desirous of hiding his sorrows, complained that he was tired and that his feet hurt him. We sate down upon a low wall and he nestled up to me. He was hardly to be amused by running up a little foot path, through which I had often led him. He took leave of the stream, of the Pons Sublicius, of the island. "I am not so much troubled as you, father," said he, "for I shall certainly see all this again when I am big."

We came back to our funereal house and plucked some flowers for ourselves from the plants and bushes which during six long years had been our own, and among which the children had grown up. I said to myself, that even if we had not left Rome, we should have been obliged in a few days to leave our incomparable residence, and I could not have rescued it from the inroad of the builders ; and yet we returned to our lodgings with very heavy hearts, and scarcely without tears, and relieved by the farewell salutations which the boy addressed to the buildings.

Now do not, dearest Dora, consider Marcus as a weakling ; he is anything but that — and for God's sake, do not take him to be affected or theatrical. All comes out of his soul. Indeed, the ruins of the city with its environments, are his world. Neither must you consider it sentimental in me, that standing before the statue of Marcus Aurelius when the setting sun was irradiating it with his brightest beams, imparting life and glory to the countenance, I felt as we do in parting from a friend.

To us all mutually, our relations with De Serre have been most beautiful. He and I, as we have told one

another, have been such friends as at our time of life (for he is five months and a half older than I) neither of us could have anticipated. He possesses a thoroughly great soul and deep heart — a purer assuredly, beats in no man's breast. Marcus has been his darling, and in our walks he has been pleased to lead him by the hand. The boy clave to him with an almost mysterious passionateness, as though he divined that a superior being was looking upon him with friendliness. When De Serre was about departing, as we were walking slowly through the room, he ran after him to kiss his hand again. The farewell however was vehemently impassioned; he could not be comforted in any way or torn from him. "I am so *sorry*," he said with loud sobs, "I love him as I do thee, father."

[To be concluded in our next]

A NEIGHBOR of mine having received a bad bruise in his body, sent for me to bleed him ; which having done, he desired me to write his will. I took notes ; and amongst other things he told me to which of his children he gave his young negro. I considered the pain and distress he was in, and knew not how it would end ; so I wrote his will, save only the part concerning his slave, and carrying it to his bedside, read it to him. I then told him in a friendly way, that I could not write any instruments by which my fellow creatures were made slaves, without bringing trouble on my own mind. I let him know that I charged nothing for what I had done, and desired to be excused from doing the other part in the way he proposed. We then had a serious conference on the subject ; at length, he agreeing to set her free, I finished his will.—*Woolman's Journal*.